

## The Washington Times.

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WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1903.

## Daily Calendar of American History

November 18.

1671—Gen. d. Duke Alexis and Russian fleet was received at New York.  
1872—Susan B. Anthony and fourteen other women prosecuted for illegal voting in Rochester, N. Y.  
1883—Standard railroad time went into effect in the United States.  
1886—Ex-President Chester A. Arthur died at New York.

## A Question of Ability.

## The Controversy Over the Appointment of General Wood.

Doubtless President Roosevelt knew that the advancement of General Wood to the rank of major general would stir up trouble in the army. Any sort of promotion is reasonably certain to do that. Unfavorable comment is doubly sure to follow the promotion of an officer who has not followed the regular line of advancement, after graduation at West Point. But that does not prove that such advancement is unwise.

The conditions of army life in this country are slightly different from those of the Old World. Most of the work of our army is in the line of what may be called guerrilla warfare; and in such military operations the man who is imperatively needed is the man who can rise to the occasion. General Wood has proved that he is the man who can.

It is unquestionably wise to follow in ordinary cases the ordinary rules of the service regarding promotion. Manifestly it would be unfair to allow political pull or personal favoritism to bestow rewards upon men who have done nothing to earn them. It would be more than unfair, it would be the rankest folly, to place in positions of command men who were unequal to the duties which such honors carry with them. But in the case of General Wood this does not apply. He has proved his ability to fill responsible positions; his military experience has been wide, and he has always risen to the occasion, wherever he has been put.

Those officers who have not been made major generals might, of course, have done as much for their country as General Wood. They might, if sent to Cuba, have acquitted themselves with all the credit possible. There is no reason to suppose that they would not. But the fact remains that by the fortunes of war they did not get the chance, and he did, and while they might, could, would or should have earned the honor as well as he, if they had been in his place, reward of military service is not bestowed in the subjunctive mood.

## Americans in Canada.

## American Immigration Into the Canadian Northwest.

A Canadian correspondent of the "London Times" has been observing the American immigrant in the Canadian Northwest, and has written for the "Colonizer," an English magazine, an article of some length on this subject. He says that these settlers come mainly from the Middle West, and are possessed of several thousand dollars in cash, with which they buy farms and proceed to develop the land. He believes the reason of this removal to be the desire of the farmer to secure a place in which his sons may grow up and settle without crowding.

This information will probably surprise the average American reader, but really, when one comes to think of it, such a movement is the most natural thing in the world. These men are the sons and grandsons of pioneers. They have not the rooted love of the dweller in more conservative regions for the soil of their ancestors. They prefer founding ancestral homes to inheriting them, and sentiment counts less with them than with the Eastern farmer. They spend their sentiment on their homes and their families, not on the soil. Therefore, when the home farm, prosperous though it may be, shows signs of being too small for the growing needs of the family, and there is news of richer land to the northward, the old nomadic, adventurous instinct awakens, and the farmer moves to fresh

fields and begins anew the work of his father, the pioneer.

In fact, while the State pride of the West is vigorous, even aggressive, it has a different basis from that of the East. The Easterner loves his home for its associations; the Westerner loves his for what he has made of it. Hence the vivid individuality and strong initiative characteristic of the West. The Western man must have room; and in Manitoba, at present, he will not be crowded. Others come in to take his place; the Middle West is not deserted, and there is, from any point of view, no reason to worry over the development.

## The Poet's Friend.

## The Times Joins Mr. Ware in Worshipping the Muse.

The Hon. Eugene F. Ware came to Washington in the glare of the calcium. His appointment, as described by the bright young correspondents who thrive in Kansas, was hardly less spectacular than his assumption of office. His selection was destiny, his success was inevitable.

We have found ourselves in danger, recently, of forgetting this destiny of Mr. Ware. We barely refrained from smiling at the Wiggins episode, when a modest and retiring personality was raked into the limelight alongside the Commissioner of Pensions merely because he had taken no leave of absence for fifty years. In our own lack of insight we thought for a moment Mr. Ware had ceased to be heroic and become merely great. But we must confess to a genuine smile—a smile of restored confidence—when we learned that the Hon. Commissioner himself had been absent from his desk six months out of eighteen. That, we thought, was heroic indeed.

We followed the growth of Mr. Ware's scheme for promoting his subordinates as the doomed bird of paradise watches the sinuous swaying of the cobra. As a newspaper, published in an age fatally practical in all things, we were bound to investigate the scheme, and we found no one—clerk, attorney, or sub-chief, who would cite a single instance of warranted promotion under its operation. But we knew how to regard the manifestations of such meek jealousy; we knew where the poet mind had led the Bureau of Pensions; and we did not flinch. We knew it would not do to make promotions from the office record. That would be to give the division chiefs too much power. The only way to promote clerks, and we knew it as well as Mr. Ware did, was to have a meeting of these division chiefs and let each man speak in fear of his fellows. What value there is in the poet after all!

And now we have reached another chapter in this strange, eventful story. We find the poet Commissioner on one side of the jousting place and the Board of Pension Appeals joined with Congress on the other. It has been a fierce battle. The risk is great. But we shall not falter. If Congress and the Board of Pension Appeals say a soldier was honorably discharged, we are sorry. But we will not believe the man did not desert—nay, not if court upon court swell the ranks of our common enemy—until we have the cooling reassurance of the poet mind. There is more to this life than the hard rule of law.

## Apartment Life.

## Dr. Rainsford Condemns the Modern Flat as Unhomelike.

Dr. W. S. Rainsford, who has won the reputation of a clear-headed and independent clergyman, not afraid to express his ideas on any subject needing discussion, has been giving his opinions on apartment-house life. It is his opinion that tenements, even under the best conditions, are unhomelike, and unsuited to the rearing of children.

Unhappily, there seems no reason to doubt that this is true. It is sad that it should be so, since modern city life seems to gravitate inevitably toward the tenement. However, the tenement is better than one room, after all, and it may be that the city of the future will contain separate homes in greater numbers than are found in the city of the present.

We in Washington are at the beginning of the apartment-house fashion, and it may be a good thing to consider the reasons for such statements as this of Dr. Rainsford. Are they due to a rooted prejudice in favor of country life, or to ineradicable evils of tenement life, or to something else? Why is it that the tenement, or apartment, while admitted to be convenient, is so generally regarded more as a necessary evil than a genuine improvement?

One cause of such opinions may lie in the feeling that the apartment is less separate than a private house, though, as a matter of fact, there is about as much privacy in a well-built apartment house as in an ordinary

city block. The instinct of privacy is one of the most precious endowments of the civilized being, and it is right that it should be guarded. It all depends upon the apartment house and the people in it, whether privacy is violated or not. If the majority of the people in the house are loud voiced and vulgar, admitting the neighbors to their private disputes, it is impossible for a person of refinement to feel that his own privacy is respected, for the excellent reason that people of this kind usually make a point of finding out the business of everybody with whom they have anything to do. Moreover, children brought up in such an atmosphere are apt to be contaminated more or less, in spite of the efforts of their parents.

On the other hand, in an apartment house in which the majority of the people behave as well-bred people do in a village, the convenience of living is greater, and the homelike atmosphere as marked, as in any other sort of city life. It takes more than a cookstove and a cellar to make a home. The woman with true womanly instincts will make a home for her husband and children in any place where comfort is attainable.

The greatest evil of the New York apartment is the lack of health and privacy. It behooves us to demand light and air in our apartments in this city, otherwise we may not get them. All care should be taken to respect individuality on the one hand, and to enforce respect for the rights of the neighbors on the other. One bad tenant in an apartment house can be a good deal more of a nuisance than in a separate house in a street. It will probably always be true that suburban homes or homes in the country are better for the rearing of children than any sort of city house, and that a house with even a small yard is better for the health of children than a "flat" with no yard at all. But there is a large proportion of the population of the city which does not include young children, and tenants of this sort are just as well housed in apartment buildings as in boarding houses or ordinary city dwellings.

John Strange Winter says that ninety-nine women out of a hundred, in London, wear wigs, and, of course, every London man is privately hoping that his sweetheart is the hundredth woman.

In all these magazine articles about different methods of getting ahead, nobody has explained how to arrange to be born with one.

St. Louis women are said to wear masks on the street; whether for climatic or esthetic reasons is not yet known.

The price of diamonds has been put up by the De Beers syndicate. Well, people can get along without them, if they have to. It's the high price of the black diamonds owned by Baer's anthracite combine that causes real anxiety.

A New York paper mentions "the cars of Juggernaut" which mow down people in the streets of that city. Tut, tut, Juggernaut is a heathen deity, and we are civilized.

It depends on the fate of the reciprocity legislation whether Louisiana devotes herself to raising cane or Cain.

They are making indestructible dolls of sheet steel in New Jersey; and there are some small boys who will regard this as a direct challenge to them to buy dynamite cartridges.

The Ohio supreme court has decided that a chicken coop is not a henhouse, and to steal from a coop is larceny, while to steal from a henhouse is burglary. The householders of that State will immediately set about building henhouses for their fowls.

It is urged that an attempt to assassinate the President of the United States should be made punishable by death instead of a short term of imprisonment. It all depends upon whether the object of such a law is to protect the President or the assassin who fails to carry out his purpose.

Nearly 90 per cent of the working people of Massachusetts are of foreign birth, and yet there are people who are surprised whenever anybody in that State acts in a manner unbecoming Puritan ancestry.

There are said to be 75,000 Southerners in New York bent on rehabilitating the Democratic party. Rehabilitation is a good old ante-bellum word.

## When the Wine Is Red.

When the wine of your youth is red, red, red, When there's fire in the heart and the brain; Ere the dreams we have dreamed are dead, dead, dead.

With the playing poison of pain, We should work—where's the laggard who urges "Rest!"

We should strive like a lion enmured; We should give to the world all our finest, best, With the arm and the bosom bared.

When the wine of your youth is red, red, red, When there's hunger to dare and to do, Ere the hopes we had hoped are dead, dead, dead.

Ere the days of our dreaming are through, We should give of our lives—who reckons the cost? We should struggle from dawn to dusk; We should see that no grain of our youth is lost—

What is age but the youth-time's husk?

When the wine of your youth is red, red, red, When there's flame in the heart, in the brain; Ere the hopes and the dreams are dead, dead, dead.

With the playing poison of pain, Let's be young—comes a time when our youth's no more;

Let's be gay—there's a future unknown, Let's be bold—what is youth but life's threshing floor?

Let's be glad ere our griefs have grown.

—W. S. Gilliam, in Baltimore American.

## The People's Forum.

THE WASHINGTON TIMES invites letters: it is not necessary that the views of the writers coincide with the opinions of THE TIMES, but they must be free from offensive personalities. As a guarantee of good faith, the writer's name and address must be signed, but will not be printed if not desired.

## Slippery Pavement Accidents.

To the Editor of The Washington Times: For a year past I have occupied an office at Fifth and D Streets and Louisiana Avenue northwest, and my office looks on the street. It is a matter of common knowledge to all in this neighborhood that from two to half a dozen horses fall at this corner every day. Sometimes these falls are severe, and the animal so injured that it cannot at once rise, even when relieved of harness. Instances of cruelty to the fallen animal, such as beating, are rare, but are not unknown.

Now, the reason for all this is that the stones with which these streets are paved at this corner have remained as they were laid, and have worn to a smoothness and slipperiness with which asphalt cannot compare. They are slippery in all weather, but on rainy days it would take a goat to walk them without slipping.

There is considerable grade at this point—sufficient to stall almost every "Seeling Washington" car which attempts to climb it—which is all the more reason why the paving at this corner of much traffic should not be allowed to get in the condition which has existed so long.

Why cannot this be remedied? It would not be necessary to renew the paving. All that is needed for the Street Department to turn the stones over, thus bringing the rough, unworn sides to the surface. Surely, so simple yet important a matter should receive the attention of the District authorities. P. D. P., Washington, Nov. 17.

## All Night Cars Needed.

To the Editor of The Washington Times: Kindly allow me a bit of space in your columns to protest against the action of the several car companies of the District in failing to run trains all night on Seventh and Ninth Streets.

The inconvenience experienced by persons living on these lines or near the routes can be appreciated only by those who are forced to work after midnight and to depend on the Fourteenth Street line to take them but a part of the way home. There seems to be no plausible reason why this condition of affairs should continue.

A workman does not always have the price of a cab to speed him home and must either walk the long distance from down town or go miles out of his way to get where he can make the foot journey but a trifle shorter. Cannot a change be effected, and an early one, that many working citizens of the District may at least have this small comfort added to the few already provided? LABORER, Washington, Nov. 17.

## Indefensible Censorship.

To the Editor of The Washington Times: I have noticed with interest the policy of The Washington Times in protesting against the censorship of news in the Government departments. Your indignation is just.

There is every reason why the workings of the Federal service should be open to public scrutiny, especially in view of the rottenness now being unearthed in some of the branches. To withhold information of an unimportant character, when there is no excuse for secrecy, clearly indicates that the officials taking this censorship upon themselves have a guilty motive in not wishing the news to leak out.

My criticism is called forth principally by the action of the Postoffice Department in suppressing the list of promotions in the rural free delivery service. LLEWELLYN LOWELL, Washington, Nov. 17.

## In a Lighter Vein.

## Down Hill.

The man is "easy-going" because "He goes to his land" because "His going is assisted" By gravitation's laws. —Philadelphia Press.

## A Long-Felt Want.

"Casey—Oh see there's bin another railroad wreck due to an open switch. Cassidy—Ay, 'tis a pity some wan don't invent a switch that'll stay shut wthin its open." —Philadelphia Press.

## Very Mean.

"What is mean temperature, pop?" "A mean temperature, my son, is one which stands still when you want it to go up or down." —Yonkers Statesman.

## Rapid Success.

"That's one of the best-selling books of the year, mister?" "It is? I never heard of it." "Well, it's only been out a couple of days." —Puck.

## The Strategy of Samuel.

Proud Father—I tell you, sir, that boy of mine will be a wonder!

Friend (wearily)—What wonderful thing has he done now?

Proud Father—Why, the other day he ate all the preserves that I had put away in the larder, as he smeared the cat's face with the stuff. "I'm sorry, Tom, to do this, but I can't have the old folks suspect me." —Smart Set.

## Saving Time.

She (bores to death by visitor, who has called unexpectedly)—Well, I'm awfully glad you called. I really didn't expect you, you know.

Visitor—Well, I was calling on dear Mrs. Smith, opposite, and I thought I might as well kill two birds with one stone.—Judy.

## Her Only Fear.

"She says she isn't afraid to tell her age." "No, she's not a kleptomaniac. It's somebody else will guess it." —Philadelphia Bulletin.

## Significant Actions.

Houndleigh—Hello! You haven't forgot you owe me \$5, I hope?

Hare—Of course I haven't. Didn't you see I was trying to avoid you?—Boston Transcript.

## Appearances Against Him.

"Do you mean to intimate that the prisoner was intoxicated?"

"Well, appearances seemed against him."

"What appearances?"

"Well, for one thing, he was holding a glass upside down, trying to fill it from a tightly corked bottle." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Change Needed.

"Isn't it funny—" began the Cheerful Idiot.

"Well, come on with it," growled the Tired Citizen.

"Isn't it funny that when the public demanded a little change in the coinage, the police board called for 250 new copper?"

"Yes," said the Tired Citizen, "but that 'coin' say the detectives will have any easier time finding a cent." —Baltimore American.

## His Taking Ways.

"They say Eutawchem takes whatever he sees."

"Oh, he's not a kleptomaniac. He's an amateur photographer." —Philadelphia Bulletin.

## Politeness.

Little Elmer—Papa, what is politeness? Prof. Broadhead—Politeness, my son, is the art of not letting other people know what you really think of them. —Town Topics.

## Courts and Capitals Of the Old World

By THE MARQUISE DE FONTENAY.

## Political Assassinations.

Emperor Napoleon's leading police officials are recalled to mind vividly by the recent murder in London of the Armenian revolutionary leader, Sogomoun, his assassination being merely one of several crimes of an analogous character which have been perpetrated of late in England by members of the rival factions of the Armenian Nationalist movement. For M. Claude, who was chief de la surete at Paris during the reign of the last Emperor of the French, records in his memoirs the killing in London of several Mazzinian conspirators by members of Napoleon's Corsican body-guard of secret police, and the chief of the latter, Baron Gracelli, who has likewise committed his memoirs to print, far from denying the assertion of the former chef de la surete, on the contrary confirms the story, enumerates the Mazzinian conspirators, thus put out of the way by his agents, describes how, when, and where it was done, and appears to glory in the killing, holding that it was justified by the fact that the victims were outlaws, sworn to assassinate Napoleon III, and that their "removal" was merely an act of defense of his sovereignty.

According to Gracelli, most of the Mazzinians were murdered along the banks of the Thames or on bridges crossing the river, a knife being usually employed for the purpose, and that neither the chief de la surete nor Gracelli were romancing can be proven by reference to the London daily newspapers of the last decade of Napoleon's reign, which frequently record the discovery of corpses of foreign-looking men bearing mortal stab wounds floating in the Thames.

## Stepniak Case Recalled.

Several noted nihilist leaders have come by their death in a mysterious fashion, both in England and in other countries, a notable case being that of "Stepniak," who was found mangled almost beyond recognition on a railroad track near London, no explanation ever being found or furnished as to how he got there and as to whether there was any truth in the assertion made at the time that the wheels of the train had merely served to conceal the traces of the real cause of his death.

Of course, police men, especially those in the monarchial countries, who are entrusted with the duty of protecting the lives of their sovereigns from the attacks of regicidal conspirators, have theories of their own as to how far they are justified in hunting down, not only in their own countries, but in foreign lands, conspirators who are sworn to take the lives of the rulers for whose safety they are responsible, and they consider themselves quite as much justified in killing a would-be assassin as they are before he has time to accomplish his full purpose as an American policeman when he makes use of his revolver upon a suspicious character who attempts to get away from him.

Had, for instance, an agent of the Italian police shot Bresci, after the latter had received his commission to assassinate King Humbert and before the anarchist set sail from here for Italy to perpetrate his crime, the police agent who had been entrusted with the duty of justifying the majority of his colleagues in the various countries of Europe, although, technically speaking, it would have been a crime for which he would, if caught red-handed here, have been punished in due course by the American tribunals.

## Foreign Agents Here.

If I mention this it is for the purpose of calling attention to the fact that this country, like England, swarms not merely with rival foreign revolutionary societies, but likewise with foreign secret police agents, whose duty it is to keep watch on these revolutionists, and to render futile all their murderous plots. If necessary by methods of the most forcible character. In fact, it is far more of this plotting and counterplotting in progress in the United States among the foreign floating population than even the most sensational of American novelists has ever conceived or attempted to describe in print, and it goes far to explain the growing number of mysterious crimes and equally mysterious disappearances that are destined to remain as unsolved riddles to the American police.

## Alexander's Finger.

A gruesome discovery was made the other day in the garden of the old palace at Belgrade in digging up one of the flower beds. It was a ring set with a large diamond, and in that ring the decomposed remains of a finger. The finger was recognized at once as having been formerly worn by the late King Alexander, and there is no doubt that the finger was his, and that it had either been cut off purposely from the body by one of the assassins and concealed in the garden until means had been found later on to dispose of the ring, or else that when the remains of the ill-fated monarch and of his consort were thrown from the window into the garden, the finger, already nearly severed by sword cuts, had become detached from the hands, and covered by the earth.

In any case the finding of this ring and the finger furnishes conclusive evidence of the truth of the story so persistently denied by the Serbian officers concerned in Alexander's and Dragica's death, that the bodies were hacked to pieces and frightfully mutilated by the sabers of the assassins after the latter had emptied their revolvers upon their royal victims.

The ring, as well as the other belongings of King Alexander, have been placed at the disposal of Queen Natalie, who intends to devote all the money obtained therefrom to the construction and endowment of a charitable institution in memory of her son at Belgrade.

## Merry del Val an Irishman.

Pope Leo's new secretary of state, Cardinal Merry del Val, has not only an Irish grandmother, but is likewise of Irish origin. The Merry family, like that of O'Donnell, Duke of Tetuan, and of scores of others among the Castilian aristocracy, having emigrated from the Emerald Isle to Spain at the time of the overthrow of King James II. Cardinal Merry has also in his veins the blood of Christopher Columbus, and his cousin, Count Benomar, who for so many years was Spanish envoy at the Court of Berlin, used to be proud of this ancestry, bearing, indeed, the name of Columbus.

## Von Buelow's Title.

Count Hans von Buelow, whose marriage has just taken place at Altos, Paraguay, is only remotely related to Emperor William's chancery, and whereas the latter is a Prussian count, that dignity having been conferred upon

him by the Kaiser, Count Hans Buelow is indebted for his title-pronounced coronet to the fact that his grandfather was the minister of finance to Jerome Bonaparte when King of Westphalia. King Jerome, while sovereign of Westphalia, conferred a number of nobiliary titles, the majority of which, however, were not recognized, and the name of Count Hans von Buelow will, therefore, not be found in those pages devoted to the Buelow family in the "Grafischer Taschenbuch," published each year in connection with the "Almanach de Gotha." He is a man nearly sixty years of age, of which the last thirty have been spent in South America, where his bride, a German girl of the name of Haeckel, was born. Indeed, the German colony in Paraguay is a large one, and Count Hans Buelow is one of its most influential and prominent members.

## Lord Hyde Coming.

Lord Hyde, who is coming to this country before Christmas, is the only son and heir of Lord Clarendon, lord chamberlain to the King, and is not only well off, but likewise one of the most popular bachelors in London. He is tall and good looking, but ever since an attack of fever, which affected the muscles of his leg, has been somewhat lame. While this prevents him being able to rise and have stood in the way of his going into the army, he is, nevertheless, able to dance and can walk well enough to get along on a Scotch mountain when deer stalking. His father's country seat is "The Grove," in Hertfordshire, in one of the prettiest parts of the county, and Lord Hyde, in addition to being heir to his father's earldom of Clarendon, is likewise in remainder to the earldom of Jersey, as a cadet of the historic house of Yver, of which Lord Jersey is the chief. They are descended from Barbara Villiers, wife of the elder brother of the famous George Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham.

## Why Marriage Was a Failure.

He regarded children as a nuisance. He did all his courting before marriage. He never talked over his affairs with his wife. He never had time to go anywhere with his wife. He doled out money to his wife as if to a beggar.

He looked down upon his wife as an inferior being. He never took time to get acquainted with his family. He thought of his wife only for what she could bring to him.

He never dreamed that there were two sides to marriage. He never dreamed that a wife needs praise or compliments. He had one set of manners for home and another for society.

He paid attention to his personal appearance after marriage. He married an ideal, and was disappointed to find it had flaws. He thought his wife should spend all her time doing housework.

He treated his wife as he would not have dared to treat another woman. He never dreamed that his wife needed a vacation, recreation, or change. He never made concessions to his wife's judgment, even in unimportant matters.

## Physical Side of Literature.

Appropos of the sadly early death of M. Gaston Larroumet, a French contemporary raises the question whether there is anything in the nature of literary pursuits that makes against longevity. The answer is, of course, that there is nothing, but that incidentally there may be a great deal. That the actual worry of composition wears out the frame prematurely is more than the facts warrant anyone in saying. In every age and in every country literature has been well represented by hale and hearty veterans. Legouve, Mommen, Taine, Thompson, Whittier, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and George Meredith are the most obvious names on a list that every reader will be able to supplement. So long as it is possible to compile such a list without even stopping to think, the most bitter enemies of literature may be a great deal. That the actual worry of composition wears out the frame prematurely is more than the facts warrant anyone in saying. 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